

for powder, they'll fill a pike, well as better: than man, mortall
men, mortall men.

West. I, but, Sir Iohn, mee-thinks they are exceeding poore
and bare, too beggerly.

Fal. Faith, for their pouerty, I know not where they had that.
And for their barenesse, I am sure they neuer learnt that of me.

Prin. No ile be sworne, vnlesse you call three fingers on the
rib, bare: but sirra, make haste, *Percy* is already in the field. *Exit.*

Fal. What, is the King incamp'd?

West. He is, Sir Iohn, I feare we shall stay too long.

Fal. Well, to the latter end of a Fray, and the beginning of a
Feast, fits a dull fighter, and a keene guest. *Exeunt.*

Enter Hotspur, Worcester, Douglas, and Vernon.

Hot. Weele fight with him to night.

Wor. It may not bee.

Dom. You giue him then aduantage.

Ver. Not a whit.

Hot. Why say you so? lookes hee not for supply?

Ver. So doe wee.

Hot. His is certaine, ours is doubtfull.

Wor. Good cousin, be aduise, stir not to night.

Ver. Do not, my Lord.

Dom. You doe not counsell well;

Thou speakest it out of feare, and cold heart.

Ver. Do not slander, *Douglas*, by my life,

And I dare well maintaine it with my life;

If well-respected honor bid me on,

I hold as little counsell with weake feare,

As you my Lord, or any *Scot*, that this day liues:

Let it bee seene to morrow in the battell, which of vs feares.

Dom. Yea, or to night. *Ver.* Content.

Hot. To night, say I.

Ver. Come, come, it may not be.

I wonder much, being men of such great leading as you are,

That you foresee not what impediments

Drag backe our expedition: certaine *Horses*

Of my cousin *Vernons* are not yet come vpo

Your

Your Vncle *Worcesters* Horse came but to day,
And now their pride and metall is asleepe,
Their courage with hard labour tame and dull,
That not a horse is halfe the halfe of him himselfe.

Hot. So are the horses of the enemy,
In generall iourney bated and brought low:
The better part of ours are full of rest.

Wor. The number of the King exceedeth ours:
For Gods sake, Cousin, stay till all come in.

The Trumpets sounds a parley. Enter Sir Walter Blunt.

Blunt. I come with gracious offer from the King,
If you vouchsafe me hearing and respect.

Hot. Welcome, sir *Walter Blunt*: and would to God
You were of our determination;

Some of vs loue you well, and euen these some
Enuy your great deseruings and good name,

Because you are not of our quality,
But stand against vs like an Enemy.

Blunt. And God defend, but still I should stand so:
So long as out of limit and true rule,

You stand against anoynted Maiesty:
But to my charge. The King hath sent to know

The nature of your griefes, and whereupon
You coniure from the brest of ciuill peace,

Such bold Hostility, teaching his dutious Land
Audacious cruelty. If that the King

Haue any way your good deserts forgot,
Which he confesseth to bee manifold,

He bids you name your grieffe, and with all speed,
You shall haue your desire with interest,

And pardon absolute for your selfe, and these,
Herein mis-led by your suggestion.

Hot. The King is kind: and well we know, the King
Knowes at what time to promise, when to pay:

My Father, my Vncle, and my selfe,
Did giue him that same royalty hee weares,

And when he was not fixe and twenty strong,
Sicke in the worlds regard, wretched, and low,

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